

## Maestro Insana's Room IX

No other room would have served as well  
For our hysterical requiem in eternum.  
Hell-hot, the window raised, sounds  
of Thompson's Easy Exercises,  
(English Sparrow accompaniment),  
Wandered about the courtyard down  
Below -- background courtesy Alban Berg.  
That sad Fine Arts building where  
It was impossible to move one's bowels --  
Men's rooms (on the even numbered floors)  
Being stall-less. The true artist,  
One can only conclude, does not excrete.  
In the end, we wondered whether our  
Theater of the Absurd might not be enjoying  
Its so long day's dying.

## Maestro Insana's Room X

All that was lacking was a hunchbacked  
Dwarf with a resonant baritone voice.  
Fat Fred, the pansy playwright,  
Was there -- searching the corridors  
For Bert Lahr and Zero Mostel; or anyone.  
Ken, the bartender's boy, a teen-aged,  
Leather-jacketed archetype high school drop-out.  
Ron, the flaming mustache, playing poems  
With brittle hands upon the popcorn-greasy keys.  
We closed the door against this tomb  
Of madness inspired -- and left quietly.

## Maestro Insana's Room XI

A few words on his behalf --  
Never having met him, neither  
Kin nor cruel. A man behind  
In his rent can't be all bad.

-- Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin